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SUMMER-TIME IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

BY THOMAS MILLER.

LONDON in summer-time is like one of those great kitchens which were fitted up somewhere within the castles that were inhabited by the Ogres of our olden tales, and in which poor humanity, when captured, was cooked. If you stand upon the gratings to look into the shop windows on the sunny side of the way, they are as hot as gridirons, and if you loiter long enough you would be broiled. You get outside an omnibus to enjoy the fresh air; but all the fresh air has rushed down the streets that open upon the river to cool itself—and there you are all but baked. You get down, and try the inside by way of change; but that is like a great arched boiler, whose only safety-valve is the half-open door, and you find the big drops oozing from your forehead, and have just time to hail the conductor, to save yourself from being tenderly steamed. If you get into one of the squares, you might almost as well be fixed on a roasting-jack, for every window looks like a fire; and you go round and round, like Falstaff, 'larding the lean earth.' You hurry off to Blackfriars Bridge, hoping there to find a little breathing space; but every 'villanous compound of smell' has stolen a march before you, and is out sweetening itself. You try London Bridge, from whence so many of her Majesty's lieges embark, and there you are greeted with the self-same evil scent, as if 'Death could not keep his court' anywhere beside the Thames but at the foot of the bridges. Like a rat that tries to climb up the side of a copper covered with verdigris when a fire is lighted below, so to avoid the heat, you rush recklessly amid the poison, slip down, resign yourself to the Fates, and are either baked, steamed, or boiled, as they will it. The very dogs lie on the hot pavement as if they had given up all hopes of ever again finding a cool place; and as they languidly raise their eyes while you pass, seem to say, 'I would pity you if I could, but there is no help for either of us.' The cab-horses hang their heads, and stand motionless; they have even given up whisking their tails and ears, but allow the flies to bite and the sun to burn, as if appealing mutely to our sympathies; while their very looks seem to ask if any one has the heart to call them off the stand on such a day. The brasses at the front of the windows blaze again; and 'Snip, Tailor,' seems written on a tongue of flame. The only chance you have of cooling yourself is by trusting to the imagination, and looking into the shops where Wenham ice is sold, and fancying that you can see it freezing. Even while the soda-water is effervescing, everything around is so hot, that you are almost doubtful whether or not it boils, so drink it up with a kind of desperate risk. The milkman's cans have a fiery look, and you marvel not that the milk so soon turns sour, while carried about in such-like furnaces.

You shut one eye as you walk along, for it is the only part you can preserve from the heat. You feel almost sorry as you peep in at the fishmonger's, to think that the finny tribe should be taken out of their native element in such weather, and laid there to bake. A footman in scarlet livery looks like a burning sacrifice offered up by pride, as if he suffered for the sins of the whole family he serves. The flowers in windows droop, and seem sorrowful, and we never see a butterfly that has missed its way in the streets hovering around them without thinking that it is endeavouring to entice them away to the pleasant gardens in the suburbs: it seems a lost messenger sent out by the flowers. A green watering-pan at a brazier's door awakens pleasant recollections, and a parcel of children puddling about a pump or a plughole makes one feel cool for an hour after. On a breathless sultry day, the shrubs in the close city squares look as if they were cut out of green tinfoil; while the crevices between the stones over which the watering-carts pass seem to open like the mouths of a parched and thirsty multitude, each eager to catch the coveted drops. You envy the man who can smoke on such a day, and almost fancy that he must have some little portable fountain in his inside with which he cools himself. Covent Garden Market would really be pleasant, if you could but be sheltered by the shadows of covering trees, instead of the heated roofs of the stifling colonnades. Holborn and Snow Hill appear as if made purposely to punish stout sinners and vicious horses. Gold-fishes in a glass globe that stands in the shade are the only living objects you look upon with feelings of envy.

But leaving all discontent behind, let us look at summer through her green and ever-open doors into a little world walled with hedges of hawthorn, which but a month or so ago were white over with May. That fragrance—rich as ever floated around Eve when she knelt to pray in the garden of Eden, while her long hair fell upon clusters of full-blown roses—has been borne along by the breeze from some neighbouring hay-field. How refreshing it feels after inhaling that burnt-brown-paper smell which pervades the city streets! How gracefully that woodbine twines around the hazel! You can already see the young nuts peeping with their green bunches between the coronets of the red-streaked flowers. The very cooing of the ringdove falls drowsily upon the quietude, now near, now afar off, just as the fitful breeze comes and goes, and makes a murmur amid the long leaves. The water-flags seem playing with one another as they are swayed by the gentle wind; and the dragon-fly, that sits upon the edge of the white water-lily, looks as if admiring the fine gauze of his wings, and the beautiful blue of his slender body, which are mirrored in the clear stream. What a home of rest appears that thatched cottage, nestled amid the flicker-

ing shadows of the trees! How the roof, covered with lichens, harmonises with the hue of the stems and the shifting tints of the foliage, which here throws down a moss of the deepest green, and there lets in the sunlight in a flood of floating gold. Even the windows, as they glitter through the openings of the branches, suggest pleasant thoughts; and you think that a sacrifice of many needless luxuries would be cheerfully counterbalanced by the beauty and tranquillity which reign around that rural dwelling-place. Such sweet retirements are assuredly calculated to awaken holier thoughts than the buzzing tumult which breaks the air above crowded cities. Here we seem to stand nearer witnesses of the works of God: there, whichever way we turn, we are reminded of man; his scaffoldings, his piles of bricks, timber sawn, iron beaten—all proclaim the slow progress of labour. Here the flowers spring up, and the leaves shoot forth, and the young branches grow longer every day; but there is no sign of toil, no hand to fashion, no model to work after. The great frame in which the warp and woof of leaves and flowers are woven was touched by an Omnipotent finger in the beginning; and neither day nor night, winter or summer, hath it stood still wholly, or needed human aid. Upon the summits of those hills the sun plants his golden feet amid the trembling dews of the morning, and the moon at night steps down uninterrupted amid the purple twilight: there are no fogged roofs over which to trail the floating silver of her drapery here—nothing but the daisies below and the stars above, and the perfume arising from miles of country flowers around her. How grand and solemn is the avenue that runs along the centre of this old wood, equalled by nothing excepting the vaulted roof of some hoary cathedral! Man needs not a more fitting temple to worship his Maker in than this. Look how those aged stems rise like mighty pillars, and support the airy dome, which looks as if enriched with the most beautiful fretwork: you might fancy that the breeze, which makes a low moan at intervals, was the dying tone of an organ; and the songs of the birds the voices of the veiled nuns, who are chanting somewhere in the hidden aisles of the trees. The rich sunlight that streams through the branches in the distance looks like a deep-dyed window, in which fancy pictures the forms of bearded saints and white-winged angels, and rounded halos of glory, such as encircle the brow of Mary Mother and her God-child. Where yonder white cloud comes in like softened moonlight between the embowered boughs, lighting here and there the pale stems of the birches, imagination sees the silver lamps shimmering before the shrines, and in the blue haze that settles down over the deep sunken dells, traces the faint smoke of the waving incense. The very brawling of the stream sounds like subdued voices in 'dim oratories,' and where it runs here in light and there in shade, looks like far-off processions seen for a moment, then lost again in the gloom of low-pillared arches.

It seems a spot where man might sit and weep
His petty griefs and childish cares away;
Wearied Ambition might lie here and sleep,
And hoary Crims in silence kneel to pray.
The low-voiced brook, the daylight dimly given,
Seem like that starlit land we see in dreams of heaven.

Our early poets painted summer as a beautiful woman in the full bloom of life, whose snowy forehead was wreathed with blown roses, which began to die as soon as they reached perfection. They spared her a lingering death, and cut her down like a flower in the night, as if summer could never be old. To autumn they gave the rumbling wain and wheat-sheaf, and for years bowed her down with the weight of ripened fruit.

All animate nature seems now to be keeping holiday; the very water-rat plays over its food, now nibbling at the leaf that is swayed to and fro by the ever-moving ripples, then swimming lazily round it, or making a momentary effort to breast the current, that it may again be borne along it idly. The black water-hen, followed by her dusky and downy brood, as she paddles along in the shadow of the overhanging willows, seems as if she was taking them out for a day's pleasure, instead of leading them onward in search of insects. The lambs, which have now grown tall and strong, appear to have little more to do than run races with one another, or bleat to their woolly dams to look on while they are displaying their agility. In the air, myriads of insects are congregated in the mazy dance, some high up beyond the tallest trees, as if the broad unbounded realm of space alone was roomy enough for so immense an assemblage to 'tread a measure.' But let us try how the picture will look in verse:—

A cottage girl trips by with sidelong look,
Steadying the little basket on her head;
And where a plank bridges the narrow brook,
She stops to see her image shadowed.
The stream reflects her cloak of glaring red;
Below she sees the trees and deep blue sky;
The flowers which downward look in that clear bed,
The very birds which o'er its ripples fly:
She parts her loose-blown hair, and wondering, passes by.

Then other forms move o'er the pathways brown
In twos and threes, for it is market-day;
Beyond those hills stretches a little town,
And thitherward the rustics bend their way,
Crossing the scene in red, and blue, and gray;
Now by green hedgerows, now by oak-trees old,
As they by stile or low-thatched cottage stray;
Peep through the rounded hand, and you behold
Such scenes as Morland drew in frames of sunny gold.

A laden ass, a maid with wicker maun,*
A shepherd led driving his lambs to scil,
A butcher-boy seen through the park-like lawn,
Women whose cloaks become the landscape well,
Farmers whose thoughts on crops and prizes dwell;
An old man with his cow and calf draws near;
Anon you hear the village carrier's bell,
Then does his gray old tilted-cart appear,
Moving so slow, you think he never can get there.
They come from still green nooks, woods old and hoary,
The silent work of many a summer night,
Ere those tall trees attained their giant glory,
Or their dark tops did tower that cloudy height.
They come from spots which the sweet May-buds light,
Where stream-washed willows make a silvery shiver;
For years their steps have worn those footpaths bright
That wind around the fields, and by the river,
With its low murmuring sound, that rolls and sings for ever.

Nor are the sounds which give a voice to the landscape less pleasing than the moving figures which fill it with the stir of life, and are so essential to picturesque beauty. The very rattle of the bird-boy's clapper, and the shrill tones of his child-like voice, as he scares the birds from the ripening corn, are in harmony with the great concert of rural sounds. It prevents you not from hearing the jingle of the harness, and the grinding of the broad wheels of the wagon, that is descending the adjoining hill; even the clap of the distant gate falls upon the ear sharp, clear, and audible, as if struck at the true moment of time. The 'rasp, rasp' of the mower as he sharpens his scythe, drowns not the bleating of the sheep beside the brook, where they are assembled ready for the washing; the song of the milkmaid, whose pail you can just see balanced above the hedge of wild roses, seems answered by the choir of linnets that are singing among the yellow

* A kind of basket.

gorse bushes, whose armed stems are hung with thousands of little golden baskets; the 'click, click' of the stone-breaker's hammer from the roadside rings like a heavy cymbal; and the deep lowing of the brindled bull, as it comes across the river from the green marshes, sounds like the loud bass, which folds together every floating sound in the grand anthem.

How different to the rattle and the roll of the lumbering omnibuses, and the groaning drays, which jar the very foundations of our city streets—bursts of unceasing thunder, almost loud enough to break the dull drum of a deaf man's ear! Who would not, at such a season, sit with his crust of bread and cheese, and jug of home-brewed ale, under the porch of a roadside inn, with a landscape stretching before him filled with such sights and sounds as we have pictured, rather than fare sumptuously in a city dining-room, black with the 'steam of twice ten thousand dinners!' Fancy hot chops, and great smoking potatoes—a dim skylight overhead, and a cook within a few yards of you—a huge fire, and a gridiron that 'grins horribly' above the ruddy embers—and if you can recall any other images than those connected with martyrdom, or dim glimpses of the fire office which a wicked old gentleman is said to have the management of below, you are gifted with a power of imagination such as hath not visited your humble servant. Fancy summer spent in London in apartments adjoining a baker's oven, in a street up which only one vehicle can pass at a time; where the pavement is so narrow, that a stout man has either to walk sideways, or stand up under a doorway while a cab passes; where the sunshine gilds nothing lower than the attic window, and that only for a few minutes during the day; then turn the mind's eye to 'green nestling spots for poets made.' In places like those, you have a pleasant prospect of your opposite neighbour washing, drying, and ironing, all in the space of an hour or two, and in the same little room. You see Wiggins put his three potatoes into the little saucepan, and watch the progress of the small portion of steak he places upon the fire; then witness him enjoying the fresh air as he blows his face with the bellows, or revels in a bath holding a quart of Thames water. You fairly pity the poor boy who has to carry half a hundredweight of coals up so many flights of stairs, and think the old lady acts wisely who gets her kettle boiled a dozen doors off up the street, and brings it home steaming in her hand. The tripe shop on the ground-floor seems to be visited by no other customers than Bluebottles, who walk in and out, and help themselves without paying. The butter in the chandler's window dissolves while you look at it, the bladder of lard has a lanky and melting look, while the bacon is manufacturing itself into a state of streakings by throwing out quantities of superabundant fat—for a slow cooking process is carried on everywhere.

No marvel that the Cockneys rush with a kind of desperate determination to Gravesend, Herne Bay, Margate, Ramsgate, or any other of their favourite watering-places, and eat shrimps and lobsters, and take baths, with a perseverance that appears the very opposite of their general natures, as if they endeavoured every way to familiarise themselves to a new element, and were by degrees preparing to become inhabitants of the great deep. Davies the dyslateral emerges from his dark-looking house in Upper Thames Street, and mounting his yellow slippers and telescope, sweeps the rounded horizon, and grows eloquent in 'reefing,' 'steering,' and 'boxing the compass,' even permitting the ends of his neckerchief to fly out loosely, and blend with Mrs Davies's green veil, because it gives him a kind of sea-going rakish-built look. He thinks it would have been a great improvement to have built all large towns by the sea-side—the houses would then have looked so pleasant in summer. His spouse reminds him that there is no walking on the sands, or going out in sailing-boats in winter. To this he acquiesces, and agrees that London is not so badly situated after all.

The railways are working wonders, by carrying out their thousands from London in summer to sweet breathing-places a few miles out, which only six or seven years ago

it would have been half a day's journey to have reached; while now we can be set down in a world of leaves and flowers within the space of an hour. Pent in a populous city as we are, we have assuredly less cause to murmur than our forefathers, when, by paying ninepence, we can reach Sydenham, or Croydon, in little more than half an hour; and instead of getting charred in Cheapside or Cornhill, plant our feet where the bluebells blow and the skylark builds; or even stand where

The leaves 'drop, drop,' and dot the crisp stream,
So quick each circle wears the first away;
Where the tall bulrush stands, and seems to dream,
Or to the ripple nods its head away.

THE SUGAR QUESTION.

JUDGING from the experience of the last few years, it may be doubted whether an unreflecting and sentimental humanity is not more harmful than the individual and social miseries which it is professedly designed to alleviate. The best feelings, unregulated by judgment and knowledge, may lead to consequences the most disastrous. Compassion for the poor is a noble and proper feeling; but how mischievous when assuming the form of indiscriminate almsgiving, in which it breaks down the principle of self-reliance, checks industrial enterprise, and produces systematic mendicancy. Commiseration for bodies of workmen temporarily without employment is an equally commendable feeling; but how shortsighted that policy which, on the plea of finding work for these unfortunate operatives, proposes to exclude certain foreign manufactures from the country. Pity for a large class of young females in the metropolis, who undertake to make shirts at three-halfpence each, is not less a Christian sentiment; but how absurd to decry the employers of these females, when the whole cause of the evil is the too great supply of labour—the excessive competition of hands in proportion to the work to be executed; and how much more reasonable it would be in this, as in other instances of hardship, to relieve the labour market by emigration or otherwise, than to raise fresh competition by a public subscription of funds. In this way it could be shown that in very many things affecting general interests, zeal without discretion may be most unjust and dangerous in its dealings.

By far the grandest instance of this well-meaning but questionable policy was the abolition of slavery in our West Indian possessions. The measure itself was only consistent with principles of justice and humanity: it rid the British dominions of a disgraceful stigma; it liberated thousands of beings from compulsory bondage. All that is allowed; but was this great national act not tainted with the vice of imprudence, and have its more special promoters not been chargeable to a great degree with defeating by their zeal the ends which they and all others had professedly in view? It is of no use shirking the matter: the confession must be made. The abolition of West Indian slavery, while communicating freedom to a British population, has vastly increased the horrors of slavery in foreign tropical climes. Such a result never could have been contemplated by Clarkson and Wilberforce. The Anti-slavery Societies could not have anticipated that their doings were to have the effect of increasing the amount of slavery generally, and likewise of rendering the transmission of slaves from Africa more cruel and iniquitous than ever. Yet all this has happened. The public press is full of details respecting the extent and horrors of this post-abolition slavery; and we need not therefore go minutely into the subject. It is sufficient to know that all our expensive and ill-conceived plans for preventing the deportation of slaves to Brazil, Cuba, and other countries have failed; that we are now paying a

million and a-half of money annually to suppress the traffic; that this sum is worse than thrown away, for the slave-trade goes on vigorously notwithstanding, and with greatly increased cruelties; that slave-holding states rejoice in our act of abolition, as it gives them a partial monopoly in growing, by means of slave-labour, the sugar and coffee which we, the people of Great Britain, require.

As a means of redress for their alleged grievances, the West Indians earnestly request that the imperial legislature shall impose such high duties on the produce of Brazil, Cuba, &c. coming into the home-market, as will give them, the West Indians, a command of our trade. Such duties formerly existed, but by an act in 1846 they were much modified; and now, only for a brief period, is there a small discriminating duty. A return to high protective duties is strongly advocated by some parties unfavourable to free trade; but it is almost unnecessary to say that the realisation of any expectations on the subject is altogether hopeless. The people of England have now had an experience in buying cheap, and they will never willingly go back to buying dear sugar in preference. Sophistries may be employed to show that protection is a good thing, and not a few happen to be deceived by them; but the most illiterate housewife cannot be reasoned out of the evidence of her senses. The most adroit advocate of protection could not persuade her to pay sixpence for a pound of sugar which she was offered by somebody else for fourpence. The propriety of buying sugar, like bread, wherever it can be had cheapest, is now the received doctrine. It may be a vulgar mercenary doctrine, which is very much to be lamented, but sentiment cannot be infused into the buying of sugar. Pity is unknown in the negotiations of the counter. To speak plainly, we are too completely tired, worn out, and impoverished, in taxing ourselves, to think of making sacrifices for any class, colony, or nation. The West Indians may have expected something very different a few years ago, when they embarked their fortunes in sugar-growing property. All very likely; but it cannot be helped. We are in a shifting world; and it is the temper of the times to overhaul the conditions of national intercourse. In short, if the West Indians ever expected that, till the end of time, the people of Great Britain were to give them twopence or threepence a pound more for sugar than they could buy it for elsewhere, or, in other words, tax themselves to the extent of £3,000,000, for the loss would be to that amount, they were in an unfortunate mistake—that is all.

According to the representations of those who seem interested in maintaining differential duties, the saving now effected in the purchase of slave-grown sugar cannot possibly continue; for as soon as, by our proper preference of a cheap to a dear article, we have altogether driven the West Indians from the field, the Cubans and Brazilians will possess so complete a monopoly, that the price of sugar will be raised: thus we are now pursuing a most shortsighted policy. This argument has been extensively used at public meetings, and also by a portion of the press; though we should hope without gaining many proselytes. Sugar is not an article of which there can be only a limited produce; and the supply, with some contingent and brief interruptions, may always be expected to be equal to the demand; while the competition in furnishing the supply will in all probability keep the price moderate. It is not to be denied, however, that just in proportion as we throw the trade into the hands of planters, remorseless as to their means of enforcing production, negro slavery will go on increasing in intensity. The Cubans and Brazilians appear to be looking forward to a period when fresh hands must be imported, fresh grounds broken up, and fresh capital employed. Never was the commerce in slaves more brisk, never was the lash plied so fiercely, as at the present moment; and yet a trade greater by far is anticipated. The expectation is founded on a knowledge of the fact to which notice has already been drawn—that a philanthropic zeal without discretion still guides the destinies of the West Indian colonies.

We should like to disappoint the hopes of these

ruffians. Let the market by all means remain open to importations of sugar, no matter whence it comes; and for the sake of economy and humanity, let us withdraw our costly preventive service from the African coast. If the Cubans and Brazilians will have slaves in spite of us, let us be so far reasonable as to permit them to carry off the unfortunate captives in a manner not revolting to decency. Having thus far returned to common sense, we should desire to go one or two steps further. Supposing the West Indians to stand in need of such supplies of free labourers as would enable them not only to compete with slaveholders, but show to the world that the work of freemen is cheaper than the work of slaves—that it is better to *hire* than to *buy* men—let us place no obstruction in their way. What a glorious thing to demonstrate the truth of the doctrine in social economics, that *hired* is cheaper than *purchased* labour! and we venture to say that till this be demonstrated by evidence practical and undeniable—undeniable, because felt in the pocket—the odious traffic in slaves will not be abandoned, neither can it be put down. Some years ago, sanguine hopes were entertained that merely by employing the emancipated negroes in the British settlements, the greater economy of hired labour would have been realised. The circumstances which have prevented the realisation of these dreams need not be reviewed; whether employers or employed have been to blame, is now of little consequence. What concerns the present question is, the complaints by the planters that they cannot procure a sufficiency of labourers at fair wages. We are not without a suspicion that the complaints are for the most part groundless; but unfortunately the mother country is not in a position to disregard them. We avowedly, by our laws, prevent the West Indians from seeking for the assistance of fresh hands: they are not allowed to invite and hire negro labourers from Africa on a scale suitable to their alleged necessities. Inspired by the terror of originating a new slavery in disguise, negro immigration is said to have been checked, and a dearth of labour created. It is not to the credit of English sagacity that what is at the utmost a matter of detail in arrangement, should bring a rational principle to a dead halt. We have no right to prevent our West Indian fellow-subjects from hiring Africans if they choose to do so; all we have to look to is, that the practice shall not be abused. No doubt the ignorant and hapless natives of the African continent might too easily be seduced into bondage, on the plea of being used only as hired labourers for a limited term; but it is preposterous to say that the legislature could not enjoin such precautionary arrangements, both at the ports of embarkation, and within the colonies respectively, as would effectually shelter the personal liberty of the employed. We are at least solicitous that a well-devised plan of immigration should be tried, of course at the expense of the colonies, and with their approval. The direct benefit to be derived from the experiment might possibly turn out to be illusory, but an important object would be gained in throwing the entire cause of failure on those who are now concerned in crying out ruin from a dearth of labour. Were the experiment successful, how greatly should we have advanced in working out the problem of creating a wholesome intercourse with Africa.

We are sorry to say that, from all credible evidence, public and private, the present occupants of property in the West Indies are not generally the class of persons who may be deemed capable of grappling with the new circumstances into which the islands have been thrown. Alluding to the evidence on the subject of the sugar duties lately laid before parliament, and from which a select committee inferred that the colonies were ruined, in consequence of the withdrawal of protection, an able provincial print (the 'Manchester Guardian') sums up as follows:—'We have carefully examined the evidence, and we find none (if we exclude opinions expressed apart from facts stated) which can be considered as proving that assertion. We find, it is true, abundant evidences of ruin; but in almost every case it appears to have been completed before the sugar act of

1846, and from causes long antecedent to that measure. We find the strongest evidence, given by the West Indians themselves, of the prejudicial effects of mismanagement; of the consequences of encumbered estates; of the enormous charges imposed upon them by being mortgaged to British merchants, who, on their own terms, conduct their sales and purchases; who provide shipping at their own established rates of freight, irrespective of the common market rate; and of high rates of interest and commissions paid for loans. We find, too, evidence enough of the mischievous consequences of absenteeism; of the mismanagement of agents, to whom estates are intrusted; and of the enormous savings effected by those who have had the courage and the energy to pay even occasional visits to their estates. We find much evidence of the evil consequences of a want of capital; of the entire absence of suitable implements of husbandry; and of the great saving which has been effected where they have been introduced. All these, and many other facts, we find spoken to in the evidence; evils sufficient to have ruined the West Indies over and over again, whether they had been protected up to strict monopoly, or exposed to perfectly free trade. But although these facts abound in every page, less or more, strange as it may seem, not the slightest trace of them is to be found in the resolutions of the committee. There, all the blame is inferred to rest upon free-trade, and protection is pointed to as the only cure. The sugar act of 1846 is the bane, and a high differential duty is the antidote.

The following extract from a private letter written by a resident planter in British Guiana appeared a few days ago in the 'Morning Chronicle,' and is corroborative of the above:—'If the planters would live on their own estates, feed on their own stock, and place their managers in their proper rank, they might keep their estates. It is more absenteeism than the equalisation of the sugar duties which impoverishes the landowners. While the proprietor lives in Europe, the manager occupies the mansion; his wife gets an establishment of servants; he has a stock of cattle, a garden, provision grounds, a good stable, with two or three good horses. To this he adds a handsome top gig, or more generally now a Yankee phaeton; his several jobbers are mixed up with the payroll of the plantation labourers. Madam, if she is industriously disposed, employs some of the intelligent labourers to huckster round the country salmon, fish, pork, calicoes, &c. their job work being lumped in with plantation work. All this I see and know. A manager here should compare in position to a bailiff in England; and an attorney here to a steward in England. If either of them overstep these characters (which all do), the proprietor has only himself to blame.'

It would thus appear that the grand experiment of competing with free against slave labour cannot be effectually made under the existing social condition of the West Indies. Encumbered estates would require to be sold or abandoned; proprietors living as absentees in England would require to relinquish, or go at once and reside upon and cultivate, their estates; the whole race of attorneys, stewards, and mortgagees, would require to be swept away. Persons of intelligence, capital, and enterprise, who will not disdain to direct and superintend personally the working of their properties, are now, to all appearance, the men for the West Indies. We have already heard of such acquiring estates at an insignificant price, with every prospect of doing well upon them. Never was there a better opportunity for young men of this class making a fortune. Large estates are to be had for a trifle, and no kind of property would be so certain of yielding a good return. Whether there is to be a great and gradual regeneration of the West Indies by these means, will in some measure depend on the withdrawal of protective duties. Should these, in spite of all remonstrance, be aggravated, with a view of bolstering up a vicious system of management, enterprise and self-reliance will be discouraged; for it is the very tendency of protection to induce indolence and dependence. The West Indies, in a word, must be left to their own resources; and all that we are called on to do is, to accord them the

greatest freedom of navigation, manufacture, and trade, and to place only a reasonably-qualified restriction on their engagements with negro immigrant labourers. Consistently carried out, there are the strongest grounds for believing that measures of this kind would in a few years raise the British West Indies into a state of prosperity superior to what they ever enjoyed under the deadening trammels of commercial protection.

'OLD WISDOM.'

THE environs of Molsheim are amongst the fairest in the rich and fertile province of Alsace. The verdant pasturages which surround this little town are watered by the river Bruche, and scattered hamlets and highly-cultivated fields diversify the scene, whilst the bold mountain-range of the Vosges lend a certain grandeur to its aspect. The landscape, alternately rural and wild, arrests our attention each moment by some fresh contrast. Beyond these meadows spangled with flowers, these golden corn-fields, and blooming orchards, the mountains appear in the distance, covered with their dark pine woods, which cast a gloomy shadow over the valley beneath; and yet this sombre background serves only as a setting to the landscape—a cheerful character predominates throughout. The hamlets are white and glistening, the little gardens carefully kept, and the roads shady and pleasant. Here and there may be seen little wayside inns, used, not so much as resting-places for the wayfarer, as points of rendezvous for the neighbouring peasantry, where the young men meet to form plans for amusement, the middle-aged to escape from some domestic care, and the more advanced in years to renew the remembrances of their youth.

Several guests were seated on a bench at the door of one of these rustic taverns, and their boisterous merriment proved that the glass had not circulated in vain. The entertainer, who might easily be recognised by the care he took duly to replenish the glasses of his companions, was a young man in the heyday of life, but whose furrowed countenance indicated the indulgence of violent passions. His dress marked him out as being less of a peasant than of a workman. He had just called for a bottle of cherry brandy with which to regale his companions, when one of the party, looking up the road, exclaimed, 'Bring another glass here, my friends; here is Father Solomon!'

'The Old Anabaptist!' was re-echoed on every side.

'Oh let us make room for him by all means,' said the giver of the treat; 'I must have a glass with Old Wisdom.'

The new-comer, whose approach had been thus hailed, was a man far advanced in life, wearing the grave and antique garb which is peculiar in those parts to the sect of Anabaptists. He walked with a firm step, which denoted neither haste nor slothfulness, leaning the while on a staff formed from a knotted vine. His countenance was venerable, and yet full of cheerfulness. As soon as he came within hearing, all the guests began to call to him to join them, and the master of the entertainment rose and advanced to meet him.

'Good-day to you, Andrew,' said the old man in a friendly tone; 'and good-day to you, Stephen, and all of you. Is it here, then, my friends, that you pray to God on the Sabbath day?'

'And you, Father Solomon,' inquired Stephen, 'from what church are you coming here through the meadows?'

'I am coming from the greatest of all earthly temples, my children; even from that whose incense is the perfume of the meadows, and whose music is the harmonious voice of all creation.'

'That is to say, you are coming from your fields,' replied Andrew. 'Well, sit down there now, good father, and tell us whether your wheat looks well?'

'Tell me first of all how you happen to be in the country now?' replied the old man as he seated himself at the place which had been left vacant for him. 'How

long has Mr Ritter's mill been able to get on without you?

'What are Ritter and his mill to me?' exclaimed Andrew, whose countenance darkened at this question. 'I care as much about them as I do about what is passing in the moon.'

'Have you quarrelled with your master, my son?' inquired the Anabaptist.

'I have no longer any master, Father Solomon,' hastily replied the young workman. 'I left the mill yesterday, and may it henceforth have nothing to grind, unless it be old Ritter himself! never will it have crushed worse grain.'

He then began to recount to the old man the long list of grievances which had finally led to his leaving the mill, of which he had been for ten years the director, mingling his narrative with imprecations against the owner, whom he accused of the basest ingratitude.

The Old Anabaptist listened tranquilly to the whole recital, and then calmly replied, 'You have drunk the wine of anger, Andrew, and you see all your master's faults double. All you have now said only acquaints me with one fact—that you are out of place.'

'And do you think that I am the one most embarrassed by that?' inquired Andrew. 'Ask old Ritter what he thinks about it; see half his mills stopped, and every day that they stand still robs him of fifty crowns—that is, of fifty pieces of his flesh. The old miser will fall sick of vexation even before he is ruined. And this is what makes me so jovial to-day, Father Solomon; because what causes grief to old skin-flints, rejoices the heart of all good fellows. Here, more glasses, my friends, and let us drink to the discomfiture of the Jew of Molsheim.'

The Anabaptist took no notice of this challenge, and asked Andrew what he thought of doing.

'I,' exclaimed the young miller; 'why, I mean to live like a *bourgeois*. Ritter was obliged to clear off all scores, and to line my pouch well before we parted. So long as any broad pieces remain to me, I mean to have a merry time of it.'

'And you have begun to-day to put this plan in execution?' inquired the old man.

'As you may perceive,' replied Andrew, whose utterance was becoming somewhat indistinct, 'we are trying the taste of all the casks in the inn. Hollo! mine host, hast thou nothing new to bring us? Let us have some little *liqueur* here quickly that may soften the heart of Old Wisdom.'

But the old man, as soon as he had tasted the few drops of cherry brandy which he had allowed to be poured out for him, prepared to go on his way. Andrew, however, seemed resolved to detain him.

'Stay, good father,' he exclaimed; 'there is always both pleasure and profit in hearing you talk.'

'Yes,' said another, 'you must sing us some of the old German hymns.'

'Or you will tell us stories out of the Bible,' added a third.

The Old Anabaptist made some attempts at resistance, but they would not listen to any excuse: first his hat was carried off, then his staff, and finally he was forced to resume his seat by the side of Andrew.

The old man showed no symptoms of ill-humour at this species of friendly violence which was offered him. 'Everything must give way to youth,' said he cheerfully; 'but since you will keep me in spite of myself, you must take the consequence, and put up with one of my sermons.'

'Preach away—preach away then, Father Solomon,' exclaimed the merry group with one voice; 'we are all ready to listen.'

This willing acquiescence was easily to be accounted for by the knowledge possessed by Andrew and his companions of the nature of the old man's general mode of instruction. What he called his sermons were for the most part histories or parables taken from the Sacred Writings, whence he always drew some useful

lesson; and even those who made but small count of this latter part of his discourses, liked to listen to the old man's narratives, even as they would have done to some fireside legend. Father Solomon was in their eyes a sort of romancer, whose inventions amused their imagination, even if they did not enlighten their reason. Andrew filled the glasses once more, and the whole party, each resting his folded arms upon the table, bent forward to listen with the deepest attention.

The old man proceeded. 'I will not relate to you,' said he, 'this day either any legend of our country or any stories drawn from the Sacred Volume; either one or the other would be too grave for your present mood. I will rather treat you as children, by telling you a nursery tale as it is related on the other side of the Rhine.'

'In olden times, then, when everything was different from what it is now-a-days, there lived at Manheim a young man named Otto, who was intelligent and daring, but who never knew how to accomplish one important feat—that of bridling his own passions. When he desired a thing, nothing could prevent him from attaining it; and his passions resembled those stormy blasts which sweep across rivers, valleys, and mountains, destroying all that opposes their progress. Being wearied of the tranquil life he led at Manheim, he took it into his head one fine day to set out on a long journey, with the hope that he might discover fortune and happiness in its course. He accordingly swung upon his shoulder a packet containing his best clothes, placed in a belt around his waist all the money he possessed, and started on his way without knowing whither he was bound.'

'After journeying on for some days, he found himself at the entrance of a forest, which seemed to stretch on all sides as far as the eye could reach. He here encountered three other travellers, who seemed to have paused, like himself, to repose themselves before plunging into its depths. One was a tall, proud-looking woman, with a threatening aspect, who held in her hand a javelin; the other a young girl, who lay half asleep in a chariot drawn by four bullocks; and the third was an old woman clad in rags, and with a rugged mien. Otto saluted them, and inquired whether they were acquainted with the road through the forest; and on their replying in the affirmative, he requested permission to follow them, lest he should lose his way.'

'They all three consented, and proceeded on their way in company with the young man. The latter soon perceived that his companions were endowed with powers which God has not bestowed on all his creatures, but this discovery awakened no uneasiness in his mind, and he pursued his journey, chatting the while with his three fellow-travellers.'

'They had already gone on thus for some hours together, when they heard a horse's tread approaching. Otto turned round to see who it was, and recognised a bourgeois from Manheim, whom he had hated for many a long year, and whom he looked upon as his greatest enemy. The bourgeois soon gained on the pedestrians, glanced at Otto with a scornful smile, and passed on. All the young man's ire was roused to the utmost. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "I would give all I possess now, and the best part of my future inheritance to boot, if I could only revenge myself on that man for his pride and his malice." "Do not distress yourself about that, for I can easily satisfy your wish," said the tall woman with the javelin. "Shall I transform him into a blind and infirm beggar for you? You have only to pay me the price of the transformation." "And what would the price be?" eagerly inquired Otto. "The right eye." "Gladly would I give it to be really avenged."

'The young man had hardly uttered the words, when the promised change was effected in the rich bourgeois, and Otto found himself at the same moment blind of an eye. He felt at first somewhat dismayed; but he soon consoled himself for his loss by remembering that his remaining eye sufficed to give him the enjoyment of witnessing the sight of his enemy's misery.'

'In the meanwhile they continued to walk on for several hours without seeing any end to the gloomy forest; the road was each moment becoming more hilly and rugged. Otto, who was beginning to feel somewhat fatigued, looked with an anxious eye upon the chariot in which the youngest female of the party lay half reclining at her ease. It was so ingeniously constructed, that the deepest ruts hardly gave it more than a gentle swing. "All roads must appear short and good in this chariot," he said, approaching it with a wistful look: "I would give a great deal to have one like it." "Is that all you want?" rejoined the second of his companions. "I can satisfy your desire in a moment." She struck with her foot the chariot which bore her. It seemed to unfold itself, and a second chariot, of exactly the same graceful and easy proportions, and drawn by two fine black bullocks, presented itself to his astonished view. When he had somewhat recovered from his amazement, he thanked the young girl, and was about to step into his newly-acquired vehicle, when she motioned to him to stop. "I have," said she, "fulfilled your desire, but I do not intend to make a worse bargain than my sister; you gave her one of your eyes, I require one of your arms."

'Otto was at first somewhat disconcerted by this request; but he was beginning to feel very weary; the chariot seemed waiting most invitingly to receive him; and, as I before told you, he had never been accustomed to resist the impulse of the moment. So, after some slight hesitation, he agreed to the bargain, and found himself seated in his new equipage, but at the same time deprived of his right arm. They now proceeded for some time on their journey without interruption. The forest seemed to stretch itself out to an interminable length. Otto soon began to feel the cravings of hunger and thirst. The old woman clad in rags quickly perceived it. "You are becoming gloomy, my lad," said she. "When the stomach is empty, discouragement is not far distant; but I possess a sure remedy against want and despair." "What is it then?" inquired the young man. "You see this flagon which I carry often to my lips?" she replied. "It contains forgetfulness of pain, joy, and the brightest visions of hope: whoever drinks of it becomes happy; and I will not drive with you a harder bargain than my sisters, for I only require in exchange one-half of your brain."

'This time the young man rejected the offer. He began to feel a sort of terror at these successive bargains. But the old hag induced him to taste the liquor contained in the flagon, and when he had once done so, it appeared to him so delicious, that his resolution gave way, and he acceded to the bargain. The promised effect was not long in making itself felt. Scarcely had he quaffed the tempting beverage, when he felt his strength revive, his heart became joyous, and full of confidence; and when he had sung all the songs he could remember, he fell quietly asleep in his chariot, perfectly indifferent as to what might become of him. When he awoke, his three companions had disappeared, and he found himself alone at the entrance of a village. He attempted to rise, but one side of his body seemed paralysed; he tried to look about him, but the one eye which now alone remained to him was dim and uncertain; he tried to speak, but his tongue faltered, and his ideas were confused. Now at length he began to comprehend how great were the sacrifices to which he had so lightly consented. His three fellow-travellers had degraded him from the level of humanity—a crippled idiot, no other resource remained for him than to beg his daily bread from door to door during the remainder of his days.

Here the Old Anabaptist ceased. Andrew struck his fist upon the table, and burst into a noisy laugh. 'Ma foi,' said he, 'I think your friend Otto was a fool, Father Solomon, and that he only got what he deserved. As to his three companions, they were thorough sharpers, whose names I should be glad to know, that I may take care to avoid them.'

'It is easy to tell you that,' said the old man, 'for their names are well known to all. The name of the tall woman with the javelin is Hatred; that of the young girl reclining in the chariot is Sloth; and that of the old hag with the flagon is Intemperance.'

'Well, I can quite understand that when one has to deal with such customers, one gets the worst of the bargain,' replied the young miller; 'but still I abide by my old opinion, Otto deserved no better.'

'Alas!' replied the old man gravely, 'I know some other people in the world who are no wiser than he was. What should you say, for instance, to a lad who, for the sake of ruining a master with whom he had quarrelled, exposes himself to the misfortune of being left without employment? Do you think he is blessed with his full sight?—or has he not rather sold one of his eyes to Hatred? Add to this, that he wishes to give himself what he calls a "merry time of it"—that is to say, to taste the pleasures of idleness, without reflecting that, once unaccustomed to labour, and enervated by idleness, he will no longer find it so easy to regain the use of the two stout arms which in former days constituted his wealth. Finally, to console himself under his vexations, he has already lost in the tavern one-half of his senses, and he will, before long, be deprived of the use of them altogether. If Otto was a fool, what opinion can Andrew have of one who is imitating his example?'

The group began to laugh; Andrew alone remained grave and silent. He did not seek any longer to detain the Old Anabaptist, but suffered him to depart without even saying farewell. Evidently the lesson had wounded him, as lessons which come home to our consciences generally do. But such counsels are often like those bitter draughts which at first are not only distasteful to our palate, but seem even to increase our malady; yet afterwards they prove a means of restoring us to health. Andrew reflected all night on Otto's history, and next morning he returned to Monsieur Ritter's mill, where he resumed the duties which he ought never to have abandoned.

EASTERN LIFE PRESENT AND PAST.*

MISS MARTINEAU has committed an inadvertence in the preface to this book, which operates disadvantageously on its reception by those critics who compete with each other in priority of reviewing. She has mentioned the work merely in its character of a *journal of travels*; and as an author should know best what he has intended to write, few hasty examiners are likely to consider it in any other point of view. As a mere journal of travels, it is unquestionably open to the accusation constantly brought against it, of bookmaking, and more especially of the old-fashioned sin of seizing every opportunity of eking out the chapter by the aid of bygone historical matter. But if we let the preface alone, and look at the work in itself, we find it something very different from a journal of travels. The very titles of the four books into which it is divided ought to be sufficient to correct our first impression: Egypt and its Faith—Sinai and its Faith—Palestine and its Faith—Syria and its Faith. It is, in fact, a historical essay, written in the localities of the history, and illustrating the lucubrations of the learned by actual observation both of monuments and manners.

There is no living writer better fitted for a work of this kind than Miss Martineau. She is eminently an illustrator. Without the power to originate speculation, she is highly gifted in simplifying and popularising it. Unable to lead, she yet does more than follow; and the light which her talent for minutiae throws upon the objects of research, must sometimes both surprise and

* By Harriet Martineau. 3 vols. London: Moxon. 1948.

benefit their discoverer. But while cheerfully awarding her the praise of illustration, we must not conceal that she is subject to the usual faults of a mere illustrator. It is her business to explain, and therefore she must explain—or seem to do so. There are to her no difficulties she cannot surmount, no depths she cannot fathom, no mysteries she cannot solve. When the old geographers came to a part of the map of which they were ignorant, they wrote in it the words *terra incognita*: these are words which have no place in Miss Martineau's ample vocabulary. We may have an opportunity of exhibiting an instance or two of this defect in passing along; but our main business, of course, is to show the general spirit and character of the book.

It will be understood, no doubt, that in so far as the localities are concerned, this is a mere fashionable tour; and that the chief merit of the book, in its lighter parts, most consists in its presenting well-known objects in a new point of view, or at least with such adjuncts as confer an air of novelty upon the picture. This is precisely our author's forte. She sees more than most people, and very often sees differently, and has the faculty, besides, of investing even the most commonplace circumstances with an extrinsic interest belonging partly to imagination and partly to style and manner. The first thing in the book that strikes us as characteristic of Miss Martineau, as well as amusing in itself, is the antipathy she takes to the camel the moment she sets eyes upon that modern antique. 'Presently a string of camels passed through the Square, pacing noiselessly along. I thought them then, as I think them now, after a long acquaintance with them, the least agreeable brutes I know. Nothing can be uglier, unless it be the ostrich, which is ludicrously like the camel in form, gait, and expression of face. The patience of the camel, so celebrated in books, is what I never had the pleasure of seeing. So impatient a beast I do not know—growling, groaning, and fretting whenever asked to do or bear anything—looking on such occasions as if it longed to bite, if only it dared. Its malignant expression of face is lost in pictures; but it may be seen whenever one looks for it. The mingled expression of spite, fear, and hopelessness in the face of the camel, always gave me the impression of its being, or feeling itself, a damned animal. I wonder some of the old painters of hell did not put a camel into their foreground, and make a traditional emblem of it. It is true the Arab loves his own camel, kisses its lips, hugs its neck, calls it his darling and his jewel, and declares he loves it exactly as he loves his eldest son; but it does not appear that any man's affection extends beyond his own particular camel, which is truly, for its services, an inestimable treasure to him. He is moved to kick and curse at any but the domestic member of the species, as he would be by the perverseness and spite of any other ill-tempered creature. The one virtue of the camel is its ability to work without water; but out of the desert, I hardly think that any rider would exchange the willing, intelligent, and proud service of the horse for that of the camel, which objects to everything, and will do no service but under the compulsion of its own fears.'

The next originality is what she calls the 'after-glow'—a natural phenomenon we do not recollect to have ever seen alluded to before. 'I do not remember to have read of one great atmospheric beauty of Egypt—the after-glow, as we used to call it. I watched this nightly for ten weeks on the Nile, and often afterwards in the desert, and was continually more impressed with the peculiarity, as well as the beauty, of this appearance. That the sunset in Egypt is gorgeous, everybody knows; but I for one was not aware that there is a renewal of beauty some time after the sun has departed and left all gray. This discharge of colour is here much what it is among the Alps, where the flame-coloured peaks become gray and ghastly as the last sunbeam leaves them. But here everything begins to

brighten again in twenty minutes: the hills are again purple or golden—the sands orange—the palms verdant—the moonlight on the water a pale green ripple on a lilac surface; and this after-glow continues for ten minutes, when it slowly fades away.' But it is vain to attempt giving any idea here of the scenic descriptions that sparkle in almost every page. These occur with special effect in the voyage up the Nile, during which our author seems to have been in a perfect fever of delight. The pranks of the crew, and their imitation of the Europeans, even when the latter nodded and fell asleep—the veiled women coming down to the river to fill their water-pots—the religious ablutions and prostrations of the men—the harrow drawn by a camel—the almost naked Arabs employed in irrigation with the primitive pole and bucket—the buffaloes swimming from bank to bank—the ferry-boat with its ragged sail and heterogeneous freight—the sugar-canes, wheat, and lupins, fringing the banks and clothing the slopes—the towns and villages girded with acacia groves—all transported the observer into a world of poetry and romance. And then the change of scenery in the night! 'No object was perceptible on the high black eastern bank, above and behind which hung the moon; but in her golden track on the dimpled waters were the shadows of palms, single and in clusters, passing over swiftly—"authentic tidings of invisible things." And then the rising of Orion—which "shone forth, night by night, till the punctual and radiant apparition became almost oppressive to the watching sense. I came at last to know his first star as it rose clear out of the bank. He never issued whole from a haze on the horizon, as at home. As each star rose, it dropped a duplicate upon the surface of the still waters; and on a calm night it was hard to say which Orion was the brightest." But the stars and the water yield to the prairie-like views that extend till they are lost in the distance; and these are all the better for the villages, overshadowed by dark palms, that dot the expanse, and the Arab husbandmen and their camels wandering by the river side. 'In our walk this evening we saw a pretty encampment of Albanian soldiers among the palms. One had to rub one's eyes to be sure that one was not in a theatre. The open tent, with the blue smoke rising—the group of soldiers, in their Greek dress, on the ground, and seen between the palm stems—the arms piled against a tree, and glittering in the last rays of the sun—all this was like a sublimated opera scene. And there was another, the next morning, when they took their departure southwards, their file of loaded camels winding away from under the shade into the hot light.' As a variety, a man would be seen crossing the Nile where it was very wide on a bundle of millet stalks, carrying his clothes on his head like a huge turban. The same custom, we recollect to have read, prevails upon the Indus; but there the water-chariot is usually drawn by a buffalo, the voyager having hold of the animal by his tail.

In another picture our author figures in person, and in a way which will surprise those who are not aware that literary ladies are frequently women, and sometimes philosophers. The morning after visiting Elephantine, the 'Island of Flowers,' she got up early to damp and fold linen, and then employed herself in ironing till dinner-time. 'By sparing a few hours per week, Mrs Y—and I made neat and comfortable the things washed by the crew; and when we saw the plight of other travellers—gentlemen in rough-dried collars, and ladies in gowns which looked as if they had been merely wrung out of the wash-tub—we thought the little trouble our ironing cost us well bestowed.' This was a great mystery to the Arabs, and one which they never succeeded in comprehending. Another boat's crew, after a long consultation on the use of the flat-iron, had decided that it was the English way of killing lice. 'The dragoman of another party, being sounded about ironing his employer's white trousers, positively declined the attempt; saying that he had once tried, and at the first touch had burnt off the right leg.' But Miss Mar-

tineau ironed not merely from comfort, but on principle. 'I always thought,' says she, 'and I always shall think, that the finest specimens of human development I have seen are in the United States, where every man, however learned and meditative, can ride, drive, keep his own horse, and roof his own dwelling; and every woman, however intellectual, can do, if necessary, all the work of her own house.' At home, I had seen one extreme of power, in the meagre helpless beings whose prerogative lies wholly in the world of ideas; here I saw the other, where the dominion was wholly over the power of outward nature.* This reflection was recalled to her memory when ascending the cataract of the Nile, where 'a boy would come riding down a slope of roaring water as confidently as I would ride down a sand-hill on my ass. Their arms, in their fighting method of swimming, go round like the spokes of a wheel. Grinning boys popped in the currents; and little seven-year-old savages must haul at the ropes, or ply their little poles, when the kandjia approached a spike of rock, or dive to thrust their shoulders between its keel and any sunken obstacle; and after every such feat, they would pop up their dripping heads, and cry "bak-sheesh." I felt the great peculiarity of this day to be my seeing, for the first, and probably the only time of my life, the perfection of savage faculty; and truly it is an imposing sight.'

On reaching Philæ, the 'Holy Island,' the enthusiasm of taste changes to the enthusiasm of religion, and it is no longer Miss Martineau who speaks to us, but an ancient priestess. Her first view of this congeries of temples had something of fatality in it; for when their vessel was being towed against the headlong current by the crew walking on the rocks, the rope suddenly snapped, and she swirled down and away—none of us knew whither, unless it was to the bottom of the river. The stern, however, caught on a sandbank; and being obliged to bring to for the night, the party set forth in another boat for Philæ. 'And what a moment it was now, when we trod the soil, as sacred to wise old races of men as Mecca now to the Mohammedan, or Jerusalem to the Christian; the huge propyla, the sculptured walls, the colonnades, the hypæthral* temple, all standing in full majesty under a flood of moonlight! The most sacred of ancient oaths was in my mind all the while, as if breathed into me from without; the awful oath—"By Him who sleeps in Philæ." Here, surrounded by the imperishable Nile, sleeping to the everlasting music of its distant cataract, and watched over by his Isis, whose temple seems made to stand for ever, was the beneficent Osiris believed to lie. There are many Holy Islands scattered about the seas of the world—the very name is sweet to all ears—but no one has been so long and so deeply sacred as this. The waters all round were this night very still; and the more suggestive were they of the olden age, when they afforded a path for the processions of grateful worshippers, who came from various points of the mainland, with their lamps, and their harps, and their gifts, to return thanks for the harvests which had sprung and ripened at the bidding of the god. One could see them coming in their boats, there where the last western light gleamed on the river; one could see them land at the steps at the end of the colonnade; and one could imagine this great group of temples lighted up till the prominent sculpture of the walls looked almost as bright and real as the moving forms of the actual officers.'

Here comes out the theory which governs our author in beholding, with the eyes both of the soul and body, the life past and present of the East. It is the old thought, that all knowledge is sacred, all truth divine. The ideas that now influence the destinies of mankind are as old as the civilisation of Egypt; and for aught we know, older. 'Osiris was to the old Egyptians what the Messiah is to be to the Jews, and what Another

has been to the Christians.' In this, without giving any opinion as to the fact, we venture to think there is more of the appearance than the reality of heterodoxy. All Scripture is full of foreshowings and prototypes; and even when the family unity of mankind was completely lost, that Jehovah was by no means the peculiar God of a single tribe, is affirmed in the person of that mysterious Melchisedek, king of Salem, and 'priest of the most high God,' to whom Abram gave tithes of the spoils of battle, and after whose order was Christ declared, both by the prophets and the apostles, to be a king and a priest for ever. Osiris, whose sacred name Herodotus (the follower of a different faith) did not dare to pronounce, 'left his place in the presence of the Supreme, took a human form (though not becoming a human being), went about the world doing good to men, sank into death in a conflict with the Power of Evil; rose up to spread blessings over the land of Egypt and the world, and was appointed Judge of the Dead, and Lord of the heavenly region, while present with his true worshippers on earth, to do them good.' Among his allusive names were 'Opener of Good,' 'Manifester of Grace,' and 'Revealer of Truth,' and he was described as 'full of grace and truth.' In his name the virtuous entered into blessedness. Miss Martineau mentions the different theories by which learned men have attempted to account for this resemblance to a holier personage; but it is easy to perceive that she holds with those who, seeing 'that ideas are the highest subject of human cognisance, the history of ideas the only true history, and a common holding of ideas the only real relation of human beings to each other, believe that this great constellation of ideas is one and the same to all these different peoples; was sacred to them all in turn; and became more noble and more glorious to men's minds as their minds became strengthened by the nourishment and exercise of ages.' This is all we can afford upon so abstruse a subject; but it was impossible to avoid some allusion to it in a notice of such a book.

Our author's descriptions of the monuments of Egypt are always happy, but her picture of the ancient capital of the Pharaohs is curious for its brevity. In the days of Abdallatif, the ruins occupied the space of half a day's journey every way, and the learned physician of Bagdad was in ecstasies of admiration at the splendour of the sculptures. 'At the end of seven centuries,' says Miss Martineau, 'the aspect of the place is this. From the village of Mitrahenny (which now occupies the site) can be seen only palm woods, a blue pond, rushes, and a stretch of verdant ground, broken into hollows, where lie a single colossus, a single capital of a column, a half-buried statue of red granite, twelve feet high, and some fragments of granite strewn among the palms. This is all of the mighty Memphis!'

In her visit to the mummy-pits, idealising and explaining all things as usual, she endeavours to account for the funeral pomp and religious worship lavished upon cats and birds, by the reverence of the Egyptians for *instinct*; but she fails to show what claim these animals had, upon this principle, above the camel, the horse, or the ass. This is one of those spots on her varied map on which it would have been better to have written words analogous to the *terra incognita* of geographers. But such prudence would not have suited her intellectual habits—perhaps not her organisation. A curious proof of the peculiarity of the latter is given in her description of the ascent of the Pyramid. She forgot to take with her that instrument usually so indispensable to an absolutely deaf person—her ear-trumpet; but although eagerly conversing for nearly an hour with those around her, as might be expected in such new and exciting circumstances, she found no difficulty in hearing till she got down again to common life on the ordinary level of the desert! The view from the Pyramid, after all the fatigue of the ascent and descent—for there appears to be no real danger—is described in a sentence or two, and is probably not worth the trouble it costs.

* Hypæthral—open to the sky.

In taking leave of ancient Egypt, our author gives a picture of its life, which, although interesting, has not novelty enough to tempt us to extract at length. This Egypt is buried in sand; but the desert has answered to the interrogatories of learning and science, and we all know now that the ladies before the Flood lounged on chaises longues, and knitted, and netted, and darned as ours do; and that the little girls had dolls, and instead of yelping bow-wows, little wooden crocodiles with snapping jaws. We know, too, that some two thousand years before Abraham's visit to Memphis, the people worshipped one supreme God, whose favour in this life, and acceptance by him hereafter, were held forth as the great desiderata of human beings. Their passage through death to immortality was pioneered by a Divine benefactor, who had become the judge of the quick and the dead. Their notions of creation were drawn from the phenomena of the Nile; and they were 'taught that every mind, whether of man or brute, was an emanation from the Supreme; and that the body was only its abode and instrument; the soul being, from its nature and derivation, immortal.'

Cairo is a threadbare subject; but Miss Martineau even there contrives to amuse us. 'The little rogues of donkey-boys were always ready and eager close by the hotel, hustling each other to get the preference—one displaying his English with, "God save the Queen ros biff!" another smiling amiably in one's face; and others kicking and cuffing, as people who had a prior right, and must relieve us of encroachers. Then off we went briskly through the Ezbekeeyeh, under the acacias, past the water-carriers, with their full skins on their left shoulder, and the left hand holding the orifice of the neck, from which they could squirt water into the road, or quietly fill a jar at pleasure; past the silent smoking party, with their long chibouques or serpentine nargeelehs; past the barber, shaving the head of a man kneeling and resting his crown on the barber's lap; past the veiled woman with her tray of bread—thin, round cakes; past the red and white striped mosque, where we looked up to the gallery of the minaret, in hope of the muezzin coming out to call the men to prayer; past a handsome house or two, with its rich lattices, its elaborate gateway, and its shade of trees in front, or of shrubs within the court, of which we might obtain a tempting glimpse; past Shepherd's Hotel, where English gentlemen might be seen going in and out, or chatting before the door; past a row of artisan dwellings, where the joiner, the weaver, and the maker of slippers were at work, with their Oriental tools, and in their graceful Oriental postures; and then into the bazaars.' In these bazaars the tradespeople looked like kings and princes in fairy tales, and cheated like Europeans. The gentlemen of her party were purchasing clothes to wear on their journey in the desert; and 'after a world of effort, and of tying and hooking, and inquiring of prices, it came out that the clothes were second-hand; and they were pulled off much more quickly than they were put on.'

In Cairo, Miss Martineau gets into a passion about polygamy; and notwithstanding the schooling she had previously given her mind as to all sorts of liberality, she fairly declares that 'if we are to look for a hell upon earth, it is where polygamy exists; and that as polygamy runs riot in Egypt, Egypt is the lowest depth of this hell. I always before believed that every arrangement and prevalent practice had some one fair side, some one redeeming quality; and diligently did I look for this fair side in regard to polygamy, but there is none. The longer one studies the subject, and the deeper one penetrates into it, the more is one's mind confounded with the intricacy of its iniquity, and the more does one's heart feel as if it would break.' The following scene from her visit to a harem gives an idea of the intellectuality of the native ladies. 'But the great amusement was my trumpet. The eldest widow, who sat next me, asked for it, and put it to her ear, when I said "Bo!" When she had done laughing, she

put it into her next neighbour's ear, and said "Bo!" and in this way it came round to me again. But in two minutes it was asked for again, and went round a second time, everybody laughing as loud as ever at each "Bo!" and then a third time! Could one have conceived it? The next joke was on behalf of the Jewesses, four or five of whom sat in a row on the dewân. Almost everybody else was puffing away at a chibouque or a nargeeleh, and the place was one cloud of smoke. The poor Jewesses were obliged to decline joining us, for it happened to be Saturday: they must not smoke on the Sabbath. They were naturally much pitted; and some of the young wives did what was possible for them. Drawing in a long breath of smoke, they puffed it forth in the faces of the Jewesses, who opened mouth and nostrils eagerly to receive it. Thus was the Sabbath observed to shouts of laughter.'

So much for Egypt and its Faith, and its Life, Present and Past. The book relating to Sinai is quite as suggestive of reflection, but not very rich in extractable matter. Moses is of course its hero—that mortal but little less than divine, who brought forth into the desert a crowd of abject slaves, and converted them into a powerful nation; and who threw open to his meanest countrymen the loftiest mysteries of the Egyptian temple, converting the Israelites, in the midst of the gross darkness of the time, into a really 'peculiar' people. Our travellers followed, as well as they could, the track of the wandering Hebrews through the wilderness; and in their journey to Petra, Miss Martineau's recollections of biblical story are mingled with later events. 'We felt ourselves really now among the haunts of Esau and his tribe, and of the children of Ishmael, whose hand was against every one, as every one's hand was against them; and when, a little further on, we stopped in a hollow of the hills to rest, it was strange to remember who came here in later days, and what an extraordinary dépôt this was for the merchandise of the East for a course of centuries. Up this pass came long trains of camels, laden with the silks, muslins, spices, and ivory of India, and the pearls of Arabia, and amber, gold, and apes from Abyssinia, and all the fine things that the luxury of Europe derived from the far East. These all came through Petra, and were lodged there for rest, and for no little traffic, as in a place wholly inaccessible by any foe. The eagle might pounce upon the kid among the areas of Petra, and the lightnings might dart down from the summits; but no human enemy could enter to steal, or arrow from human hand to destroy. Up this pass, then, had wound many a caravan laden with Oriental wealth; and in this hollow had rested perhaps many a company in ambush, and no doubt many a baffled foe. Those single trees, perched on fantastic heights, were some of them old enough to have been living in those days—landmarks to the traveller, and signal stations to the desert warrior.'

The descriptions of Petra and Mount Hor exhibit great graphic power; but our space warns us that we must hasten on to Palestine and its Faith—to Bethlehem and its fulfillment of the Promise, and realisation of all the human mind had panted after throughout so many thousand years. Miss Martineau deprecates the literal understanding of the Scriptures, which Coleridge called 'bibliolatry,' and turns to the great religious Ideas which have 'been the guiding lights of men from the remotest past, and which Christ presented anew, purified and expanded! What an exquisite pleasure it is to stand where Jesus stood, and look around upon the old faiths and sectarian tenets of the world, and bring forth from them all a faith and hope which should, notwithstanding dreadful corruptions, elevate mankind through many future ages!—to have insight into the sacred mysteries of Egypt, and the national theology and Law of Sinai, and the ritual morality of the Pharisees, and the philosophical scepticism of the Sadducees, and the pure and peaceable and unworldly aspirations of the Essenes, and to see how from all these

together come the ideas, and from the unseen world the spirit, of the religion which Jesus taught!" But these ideas and this 'spirit' she avows do not belong to the existing phase of Christianity; and her announcement will be heard either with pity or indignation by the religious world, that the actual Kingdom has already come 'in the new heavens and new earth of the regenerated human mind.'

'Syria and its Faith' has but little to do with the esoteric plan of the book. It comes in near the close of the work, and Miss Martineau appears to have had no room to elaborate the fertile subject of Mohammedanism. From this department, however, we take a picture of the markets at Damascus. 'The goldsmiths' bazaar was one of the most interesting; not from the quality of the jewellery, but from the picturesque figures of the workers, bending their turbaned heads over the blowpipes in their little dim shops. The alleys where galloon-weaving and silk-chain making, and the manufacture of slippers, were carried on, were very attractive, from the number of children employed. The little boys, weaving and shoemaking, were extremely industrious. They appeared to put their "Arab intensity" into their work, young as they were. Sometimes, in curious contrast, a dealer of graver years would be seen fast asleep in the next shop, his head laid back on a comfortable pillow of goods, and his whole stock open to the attacks of any one who chose to steal. The prettiest sight in connection with the bazaars was when a net was drawn over the front of the shop, to indicate that the owner was at prayers.

'I was altogether disappointed in the silk goods of Damascus. I saw very few articles that I thought pretty, more or less, though the fabric was substantial enough. There was a vulgarity about the patterns—especially about those which were the most costly—which perplexed me till I learned the secret. The famous old Damascus patterns, the inheritance of centuries, and of which every Damascene is proud, have been imitated by our Manchester manufacturers, so as to become quite familiar to English eyes. The effect of this in Damascus is curious. The inhabitants import our cotton goods largely; and when they see their own patterns again, the gentlemen think they look as well as their own heavy silks; and they make their wives wear them instead, greatly to the discontent of the ladies. The saving to the Damascene husbands is very great; as indeed it must be, if we consider the cost of dressing a dozen women in one house—wives and hand-maids—in such costly articles as the heavy silks of Damascus. For my own part, I would rather wear Manchester cottons.'

REMARKABLE CASE OF SUSPENSION OF THE MENTAL FACULTIES.

PAINFUL as the idea may appear, it seems certain that disease is one of the avenues by which we are to approach a knowledge of the character and functions of the human mind. A curious light is thrown on the subject by cases of suspension of the mental faculties through the influence of shocks sustained by the nervous system. Mr Dunn, surgeon, London, reported one such case of extraordinary interest a few years ago: it appeared originally in the 'Lancet,' but we have now before us a reprint in the shape of a pamphlet.

The patient was a healthy young woman, and a dress-maker. While living with her grandfather, July 14, 1843, she accidentally fell into a river which traverses the park of Lullington in Kent. Rescued after a quarter of an hour's immersion, she was with difficulty restored to life; for several days she continued sensible, but indispensed; meanwhile she was removed to her home in London. On the eleventh day she was seized with a fit, which kept her in a state of complete stupor for four hours, on the cessation of which it was found

that she was deprived of the powers of speech and hearing, and the senses of taste and smell, and that her mental faculties were quite benumbed or paralysed, giving no indication that she recognised any of her friends about her. The only remaining media of communication with the external world were the senses of touch and vision. Her sensibility to objects coming in contact with her was excessive, inasmuch that the slightest touch would startle her. When left quite still, she appeared to be lost to everything that was passing around her. She did not even know her own mother, who attended upon her with the greatest assiduity and kindness. Mr Dunn goes on to state—"Her memory, and the power of associating ideas, were quite gone. Wherever she was placed, there she remained throughout the day. She was very weak, but her bodily health was not much deranged; the tongue was clean; the skin moist; and the pulse quiet and regular; but the bowels sluggish. Her appetite was good; but having neither taste nor smell, she ate alike indifferently whatever she was fed with, and took nauseous medicines as readily as delicious viands. She required to be fed. When I first saw her, she had no notion of taking the food that was placed before her; but a few days afterwards, if a spoon was put into her hands, and filled by her mother, and conveyed for a few times to her mouth, she would afterwards go on by herself until the whole was eaten.'

After some medical particulars, and an account of certain fits to which she was liable, Mr Dunn adds—"One of her first acts on recovering from the fit had been to busy herself in picking the bedclothes, and as soon as she was able to sit up and to be dressed, she continued the habit, by incessantly picking some portion of her dress: she seemed to want an occupation for her fingers, and accordingly part of an old straw-bonnet was given to her, which she pulled to pieces of great minuteness; she was afterwards bountifully supplied with roses; she picked off the leaves, and then tore them into the smallest particles imaginable. A few days subsequently, she began forming upon the table, out of these minute particles, rude figures of roses and other common garden flowers: she had never received any instructions in drawing.

'Roses not being so plentiful in London, waste paper and a pair of scissors were put into her hands, and for some days she found an occupation in cutting the paper into shreds; after a time, these cuttings assumed rude figures and shapes, and more particularly the shapes made use of in patchwork. At length she was supplied with the proper materials for patchwork; and after some initiatory instruction, she took to her needle, and in good earnest to this employment. She now laboured incessantly at patchwork from morning till night, and on Sundays and week-days, for she knew no difference of days; nor could she be made to comprehend the difference. She had no remembrance from day to day of what she had been doing on the previous day, and so every morning commenced *de novo*. Whatever she began, that she continued to work at while daylight lasted, manifesting no uneasiness for anything to eat or to drink, taking not the slightest heed of anything which was going on around her, but intent only on her patchwork. Occasionally, indeed, and not unfrequently two or three times in the course of the day, she would have what her mother called her "fits." Whilst intent upon her work, and without any external exciting cause, her head would fall backwards, her eyelids close, her arms and legs become rigid, and her hands clenched. After a short time, varying in extent from a few minutes to half an hour or more, the muscles would become relaxed, the eyes open, and she would resume her work, apparently unconscious that anything had happened. About this time she began to show indications of feeling interested in the figures of the flowers and buds, &c. upon the silk, and other materials which are made use of in patchwork. The perception of colours, and the exercise of the imitative

faculty, were the first evidences she exhibited of psychical advancement in her present state. Although she had received a good plain education, and had been very fond of books, now she could neither read nor write, nor even be made to comprehend the letters of the alphabet. All her former knowledge and past experience appeared to be obliterated, or at least for the time to be buried in oblivion, with one exception—a feeling of dread or fright in connection with water; and she now began, *de novo*, like a child, to acquire ideas, and to register experience. Admitting that the senses are the only inlets of all the materials of knowledge, it was not to be expected when in this abnormal condition, with only the senses of sight and touch in communion with the external world, that her progress could be otherwise than slow in the extreme. However, she evinced an interest in looking at pictures and prints—more especially of flowers, trees, and animals—but when shown a landscape in which there was a river, or the view of a troubled sea, she became instantly excited, and violently agitated, and one of her fits of spasmodic rigidity and insensibility immediately followed. If the picture were removed before the paroxysm had subsided, she manifested no recollection of what had taken place; but so great was the feeling of dread or of fright associated with water, that the sight of it in motion, its mere running from one vessel to another, made her shudder and tremble, and in the act of washing her hands they were merely placed in the water.*

In January 1844, six months after the accident, she regained the sense of smell, and her mind began gradually to awake from its lethargy. Being taken back from London to her grandfather's in the country, she showed no recognition of the place, but bounded with delight at seeing the spring flowers, and even began to express her feelings in articulate language. A young man to whom she had been formerly attached was now brought to pay her daily visits; they pleased her, and she was uneasy when any accident prevented them. Thus matters went on till July, when her lover paying some attentions to another woman, she manifested the passion of jealousy, and at length, on witnessing a particular scene between the young man and his new mistress, fell down in a fit, which her friends feared would prove fatal to her. On the contrary, she awoke from it restored to 'the possession of her natural faculties and former knowledge, but without the slightest remembrance of anything which had taken place in the interval from the invasion of the first fit up to the present time.' She of course knew nothing of the apostasy of her lover; and her mother judged it well to remove her back to London, without any further disturbance to her mind from that cause. In the course of a few weeks she attained to her usual health in all respects. She had only lost a year of the memory of existence.

DR GAVIN ON BETHNAL GREEN.

A PROCLAMATION of the Scottish Privy-Council in 1619 speaks of Edinburgh as 'now become so filthy and unclean, and the streets thereof so overlaid with middings, as [that] the noblemen, councillors, servitors, and others his Majesty's subjects who are lodged within the said burgh can not have ane clean and free passage and entry to their lodgings; wherethrough they are resolved rather to make choice of lodgings in the Canongate and Leith, nor [than] to abide the sight of this shameful uncleanness, whilk is so universal, and in sic abundance through all the parts of this burgh, as in the heat of summer it corrupts the air, and gives great occasion of sickness.'* The city long continued to have a bad character in this respect, and one sometimes hears a conversation amongst ignorant people in the south, proceeding upon the supposition that Edinburgh is a strik-

ingly odorous city, when those who have seen it with their eyes know it to be as remarkable among towns of its size for cleanliness, as it is for the picturesqueness of its situation and its architectural elegance. The large towns of Scotland are generally under good and efficient police regulation—though no doubt there are some defiles about them, the haunts of the extremely poor, which are by no means what they ought to be, and which it would perhaps be difficult for the most diligent besom to keep in decent order. While happy to think that our country has long got above this, as well as many other barbarisms, we Scotsmen never visit London without greatly compassionating the state of the nation who dwell therein; for not only is London ten times over the dirtiest place we ever set foot in, but it is a town which, apparently from the benumbing effect of bad habit, has lost the wish to be clean. In London, dirt is a privilege and a possession. It is patriotism to protect and defend dirt. What hope, of course, can there be that London will ever live cleanly, whether with or without an abjuration of sack? Truly we regard the abject state of the metropolitan millions with the sincerest pity.

We are led into these observations by perusing a treatise entitled 'Sanitary Ramblings, being Sketches and Illustrations of Bethnal Green, a type of the condition of the Metropolis and other large Towns.*' The work is the production of Dr Gavin, lecturer on Forensic Medicine in Charing-Cross Hospital. One point in the title we demur to—the phrase 'and other large towns.' Some large towns have dirty corners, or even districts; but to rank any of them with onifetided London is the grossest injustice. Dr Gavin, being in practice in the eastern district of the metropolis, has set to an examination of Bethnal Green parish; not a mere glance over the leading streets, but a searching scrutiny of every cluster of houses, every court and alley, and the interiors of a vast number of the dwellings themselves. The results he has given in detail, as well as in tables and summaries, implying the condition of each place as to paving, draining, and scavenging, and the consequent condition as to sickness and mortality. It is rarely that we have any such matter reduced to a form in which we can grasp it so well as a definite fact. The houses are, in the first place, for the most part planted immediately on the ground, and below the general level of the surrounding soil: they are flimsily built, and in a ruinous condition; the inhabitants have damp to contend with both above and below. The rooms are at the same time small and overcrowded, so that, being unprovided with any means of ventilation, the most noxious air prevails in them all. These are particulars for which private parties, it may be said, are not responsible. Well, we only introduce them as the ground of the picture. Look now to those features of the case which properly come within the range of a police or municipality.

'House-drainage is nearly wanting in Bethnal Green; except in a very small number of cases, the houses, when they are provided with drains, drain only into cesspools; the number that drain into sewers is very small indeed. An immense number of the houses of the poorer sorts, and nearly all those in gardens, are unprovided with drains of any kind. The inhabitants, therefore, are compelled to get rid of their fluid refuse by throwing it on the gardens, yards, or streets. Sometimes holes are dug in the gardens or yards to receive the refuse water.

* Edinburgh Magazine, March 1818.

* London: Churchill. 1848.

These holes are frequently closely adjacent to the wells whence the occupants derive their supply of water.

'A great number of the courts and alleys are altogether unprovided with house-drains, or where they do exist, they are mere surface-drains, and are nearly always choked up, and thus become great nuisances. A great portion of the disease in the parish is to be found occurring in these filthy undrained courts and alleys.'

Then as to the removal of refuse—'The exterior appearance of the streets may, perchance, through the operation of paving and scavenging, be tolerably cleanly; but in scarcely any instance, when the houses themselves are visited, and the yards inspected, are not collections of all kinds of refuse, garbage, ashes, dirt, decomposing cabbage leaves, and other offensive vegetable remains, oftentimes dung, and sometimes putrescent animal remains, to be found, either abundantly distributed over the surface of the dirty yard, or piled into a heap in a corner. In either case the heap is exposed to the action of the rain, which soaks into it, hastens decomposition, dissolves the putrescent, fetid matter, washes it over the surface of the yard, and causes it to form an intimate union with the soil. Truly does such a soil sow the seeds of disease and death; every rain which falls augments the quantity and power of the poison, every sun that shines raises a vapour charged with deadly poison. The times at which the contractor's cart goes round is not certain; no provision, therefore, can be made to have the refuse in readiness for him. In name, he is bound, on *complaint*, to remove collections of ashes, &c. but in practice it is not so. Practically, therefore, the dust and garbage heaps of the poor must either remain on their premises, or they must themselves remove them. But they can only remove them from the yards to the streets: *there*, then, the refuse is deposited to rot and to putrefy, and mingle with the dust and mud, and to be scattered on the pavement, and to defile the passengers [exactly Edinburgh in 1619]. The filthy streets remain uncleansed till their foulness startles the eye of the scavenging department. During all this period, whether the refuse be on the premises, where it is continually accumulating, or on the streets, it is giving off vapours loaded with unhealthy emanations. Wherever I went, I found the most loud and bitter complaints against the dust contractor for the filthy state in which the inhabitants were compelled to remain, in consequence of his never, or very rarely, removing their dust heaps. These complaints in many places assumed the tone of the deepest indignation, and evidently arose from an earnest conviction of a great outrage being committed upon them, and of a cruel negligence or indifference to their wants and necessities actuating the authorities. "The people never die here; they are murdered by the fever!" was the exclamation of one inhabitant in Half Nichol Street. . . . It is impossible but that discontent and disputes should arise, and that working-men, finding their homes made wretched and uncomfortable, and surrounded with nuisances, should leave them for the public-house, there to learn, and soon to indulge in, habits of intemperance, which indulgence soon leads to vicious propensities, which in their turn give rise to a large class of crimes.'

The details regarding a necessary class of conveniences are of so horrible a nature, that we must leave them to be studied in Dr Gavin's volume. So also must we pass over certain nuisances, where, for a profit and a livelihood, the most abominable and noxious works are carried on in the midst of a wretched population. Of the streets, many of the principal ones are paved, some, however, only within the last few years, and generally with a neglect of inclinations for the removal of surface water. Many others remain unpaved. The cleaning of the thirty-three miles of street, and the hundred miles of byways in the parish, is executed by 'thirteen decrepit old men,' being a sufficient power to go over the whole surface *once in ninety days*, though practically four streets are cleaned twice a-week, and

others once a-fortnight. The courts are as they have been described. Dr Gavin adds—'For a few additional hundreds of pounds annually, the parish could be effectually cleansed, and *kept clean*, in all its streets, alleys, and courts every day.' He also adds elsewhere—'The annual deaths of 352 persons is the *price in life* paid by Bethnal Green to support its present filthy state—a costly, and extravagant, and fearful sacrifice!' The price in the morals and happiness of the people, who shall attempt to reckon it!

Such is a sample of suburban London—very piteous to behold, as Mr Carlyle would say. It adds to the pain with which we reformed barbarians of the north regard such a deplorable state of things, that it might be remedied to some extent, were it not for that calculating spirit for which our southern neighbours are, however unconsciously, remarkable. 'It is presumed,' says Dr Gavin, 'that the most solid reason for the wretched condition of the great majority of the houses of the poor, and for the total absence of any attempts at improvement, consists in the fact, that the commissioners and guardians are themselves the chief proprietors of the dwellings of the poor; and that as they in general pay the rates themselves, and have already exacted for their tenements the highest attainable rents, any, even the slightest, increase of rates would only be an increase of their own expenditure.' Under such circumstances, he truly adds, to expect effectual improvements appears fallacious.

LIFE OF AN ARTISAN.

THERE is a volume before us which is not exactly to our taste. It is the life of a working-man by himself; or, to speak by the card, the 'Autobiography of an Artisan.* If it were nothing more than what it professes to be, we should like it much, for we can hardly conceive anything more interesting than a genuine account of the fortunes of a working-man, written in the plain matter-of-fact style of his class. And on the other hand, if it were what it aims at being—a sentimental and philosophical history of the same unit of society, the production of a thinking and cultivated mind, we should perhaps like it still better. But this is neither one nor other. Of the flippant style of the book, we may take an example from the author's account of his first effort at industrial occupation. 'In the beginning of my eleventh year I was put out as an errand-boy to a draper, a situation I always disliked; indeed there was so much artificial civility interwoven into our polished draper, that I regarded it as better adapted to men compounded of "clock-work and steam," than to those sturdy flesh-and-blood Saxon bred, as if it required a bad French bow to sell a good French shawl. I was considered too uncouth to succeed in a business requiring so much conventional polish; and want of address was thought to be rather a disadvantage than a service to my master. My playing and loitering, when sent on errands, became so frequent, that in a few months I was discharged as incorrigible.' No man ought to make such confessions without an expression of regret for his folly.

The account the artisan gives of his marriage, an engagement which he undertook when destitute of employment, without a home, and not even possessed of so much as the petty fee necessary to be paid on the occasion, is equally objectionable. Why not acknowledge that it is by such errors that too many of his class fasten themselves down to irretrievable poverty? Notwithstanding defects of this nature, the book contains many pages worth reading, and more especially some passages in the life of a party of strolling players, which are full of a nervous simplicity not often met with in the writings of the present century. The author and his wife had turned players at a pinch; and in many places, to use his own language, 'Hunger had marked us for his own—he mocked us daily with breadless breakfasts and meatless

* By Christopher Thompson. London: Chapman. 1847.

dinners.' They were travelling on, loaded with the 'properties,' for they were too poor to employ a carrier; but the magistrates of the villages they passed through refused them permission to act, and the publicans, in reply to their request for a bed, seeing what they were at a glance, replied, 'No, no, no.' At length the desolate crew, with sore feet and sinking spirits, reached the village of Arnold, and after trying in vain every public-house they passed, arrived at the last. Here they became desperate, and ordering a whole pint of ale, and paying the threepence in ready cash, put the fateful question to the landlady—'Can we sleep here to-night?' and the answer was, 'I will consult with the master. Let me consider: you are players, are you not?'

'Yes, madam,' I answered. She saw it; our shabby-genteel appearance told the tale.

'Well,' said she, 'I will inquire, and let you know; but I do not know how it will be, for we have had some players here lately.'

The answer was favourable—'They might stop if they liked.'

'Too frequently one difficulty courses another on the heels. We had promise of beds, but how were we to pay for them! Threepence was already gone. We might fairly expect that the price would be demanded before we were allowed to couch our harassed limbs in Mrs Reid's bed-linen. We took the stock of our ready cash: we could raise sixpence in copper amongst us. I had twopence-halfpenny and two farthings; Messrs Younge and Manuel three-halfpence each. It was expected that such a sum would not suffice to find sleeping accommodation for six of us; so it was charitably settled that I should take the whole amount—sixpence; that would provide a bed for my family, and the other two gentlemen were to reconsider what could be done for themselves. After a short deliberation, they resolved to travel back again to Bliworth, where they had reason to believe a bed would be cheerfully offered to them. After a day's fatigue—one of hard walking and hunger—they imposed upon themselves a turmoil of eight miles, over dreary heath roads, to secure a bed for my family.'

Still a difficulty occurred—a delicacy—a punctilio—which it was not easy to get over. 'I had two farthings,' says our sensitive author, 'in my sixpenny-worth of copper coin: but what would "appearance" say if the manager of the strolling company just come in was obliged to offer fivepence-halfpenny and two farthings for his bed? Sixpence current it might be, but would it look like a real respectable silver sixpence? No; such a meagre tender would operate against my future prospects, and would at once stamp me

"Bare, and full of wretchedness."

The thought stung me. A night's rest would be but momentary relief, if my poverty was to drive me away the next morning. Some means must be devised to avert such misery, and, if possible, to prove my respectability. I hastened out, and paced the dark street until a twinkling ray brought me to the window of a large shop. I looked in; its multifarious piles bespoke it the storehouse of some village money-maker. An old gray-headed man, with spectacles resting upon a rather large nose, was poring over his day-book or ledger by the aid of a farthing dip, whose twilight threw the greater part of the large room into an awful gloom. All within was as still as the pillowed glade of a deep-robed forest at midnight, when the lazy winds have sunk to sleep. This, thought I, is the place wherein to effect my barter. I approached the old man, and asked, with all the politeness that my embarrassment could afford, "if he would favour me with change for two farthings?" This dealer in all sorts, whose name was Jones, was reputed doubly careful in guarding against loss in this world's dealings. He was scrupulously nice in all accounts of profit and loss; and in my case he could not see that a fraction of advantage was to be gained by the accommodation. After a long pause, he declined the favour, saying, "I would rather keep my halfpenny." I was rather anxious for the exchange. To expose my poverty was not, under present

circumstances, a thing to be proud of, so again I modestly pressed for the change. "Are they good ones?" cautiously asked the old sugar-plum. The answer was "Yes." "Well," said he, "I must try; but I do not see what I am going to get by you: but I suppose you must have the halfpenny. I hope I am not going to do myself any harm by this transaction." I thanked him, buttoned down the money, and hastened back to "my inn!"

The landlady was a nice, cozy woman. She sat down with them by the fire, snuffed the candle, and talked of the stage—but not encouragingly: the very reverse. The poor players began to tremble as they thought of their reckoning; and the husband, in his alarm, introduced the subject of his skill in stencilling, and gave himself an excellent character as an artist. 'Before bedtime, I had the pleasure of receiving an order from her to "slap-dash" her parlour. Tired bones avant! the lodgings are already paid; yes, and a smell of the frying chop, to be purchased out of the surplus money, is already expanding our collapsed stomachs! We retired to bed without our hostess demanding the pay; we slept comfortably, and dreamed of bacon and tea-cakes. The next morning we were joined by our two companions from Bliworth: the sixpence furnished all of us with an excellent dinner.'

THE COCKROACH ON SHIPBOARD.

Most people, particularly if in warm situations, either from climate or local influence, know something of the cockroach; yet though pestered by its invasions, they may be unacquainted with some portions of its history. At the risk of repeating what may be more or less known, I shall venture a brief detail of my own observations, during an acquaintanceship of several years, when I lived in a very populous colony of the insect.

The family *Blatta*, to which the cockroach (*B. orientalis*) belongs, is a very numerous and a very voracious one; and I first got acquainted with the species on shipboard, during a long voyage to the East. The insect is of a reddish-brown colour, with a body about an inch and a third long, and antennae somewhat longer, making the entire animal about three inches. Those who have not seen an entire specimen, may have noticed portions of its legs and wings amongst the brown sugar in daily use, as it is fond of sweets, and happens sometimes to get entombed amongst its food. On first leaving England, being winter, not a trace of the insect was observed; but as we drew near the tropics, a few in the evenings began to make their appearance. These had evidently been dormant in their hiding-places during the many months the vessel lay in dock, and reanimated by the increased warmth, now issued forth to resume their predatory habits. Objects of observation and interest being limited at sea, I took a fancy to the rearing of cockroaches, just as persons at home, with a wider range of choice, take to rabbits or chaffinches, or as Baron Trenck did to his solitary spider. My warren or cage consisted of a large jelly-pot covered with muslin, so as to permit inspection, but prevent escape. Here I reared many from the egg to maturity, and had them constantly for several years under my eye.

The female, which is somewhat stouter and shorter than the male, after expelling the egg, carries it some days about with her, fixed to the abdomen, ere she glues it up in some corner to be hatched. A new-laid egg requires six or seven weeks for this purpose, and then gives birth to fourteen or sixteen young ones. The egg itself is about a third of an inch long, of a compressed cylindrical form: it has a serrature along one side, which opens at the proper time for the escape of the young brood; and the heads of the young are all placed towards it in a double row. After impregnation, the first egg is deposited in the course of eight or ten days, and the female continues every eight or ten days thereafter to deposit fruitful eggs for many months. If kept apart when arrived at maturity, she lays no eggs. At the end of six or seven weeks, according to the state of the weather, the eggs are hatched, and the larvæ liberated from

their enclosure. They are then about the size of a lint-seed, whitish, semi-pellucid, and exceedingly tender, so as to be destroyed by the slightest touch. They have black eyes, and a darkish dull spot on the abdomen. In a few hours the skin hardens, and darkens in colour, from cream-colour to chestnut and deep brown, when the young insect runs nimbly about in quest of food.

Like all the tribe, when in this the larva state, they are, as they grow, under the necessity of casting their skins; and this curious process I have often observed and admired. The animal retires to some quiet corner, away from its fellows, and fixes itself in a depending position by its hinder claws. Remaining motionless for a few minutes, it begins to swallow air, and goes on doing this to such an extent, that its skin, no longer able to withstand the bursting pressure, splits open along the thorax or back. After the exertion thus used, it is forced to rest a while, when commencing afresh, it manages to wriggle its head and fore part of the body out at the opening; the antennæ next follow to their very tips, then the legs, one after another, to the extremity of the claws, so that when completely extricated, the exuvia or cast skin is the exact counterpart of the animal it covered. When thus quit of its old covering, it suspends itself to it, completely exhausted, by the anal appendages. In this condition it is soft, white, and helpless; and if found by its neighbours, very apt to be eaten up. It, however, speedily regains strength; and its first act, on finding itself able, is to turn round and eat up the softer portions of its old skin. A new skin speedily begins to encrust it, increasing in strength as it deepens in colour, till in a few hours it possesses strength and colour equal to the one it has shed. As the body in the meantime is still enlarged by the swallowed air, the new skin partakes of that enlargement; and when the insect's stomach has disgorged its windy contents, these are replaced by more solid material, in the shape of food. How often the skin is shed and renewed during the larva state of the animal I was unable to determine, but the whole time occupied from hatching to maturity is from ten to sixteen months. Abundance of food and warmth expedite, and opposite circumstances retard, the final change. At the penultimate, or last shedding of the skin but one, the insect of course passes from the larva to the pupa state; but as is the case with many others of the tribe, there is no perceptible difference between the two, unless it be a little in point of size; and at the last shedding, when the pupa passes into the imago or perfect state, the difference at first seems as little, for the new wings are scarcely noticeable, rumpled up on its back. These, however, soon unfold, expand, and become strong, so that, in the space of half an hour, the animal so furnished assumes a very different aspect. I have stated that the insect in all its stages is of a deep ruddy brown colour, but occasionally a pupa may be seen beautifully speckled with interposed markings of pale yellow.

Notwithstanding the length of time which elapsed from the period of hatching to that of maturity, and the small apparent number that at first made their appearance on board, yet in little more than a year our vessel was literally swarming; and it may well be imagined that matters did not amend in this respect during the other two years of our voyage. They proved exceedingly annoying to us inmates of the 'wooden walls,' from their voracity, filthiness, and noisome smell, as no place on board was sacred from their intrusion; and where the large ones could not enter, the little ones crept in. Wherever we went, above, below, to the hold or the mast-head, there might some of their number be seen. They usually crawled about quietly during the day, or kept out of sight in their hiding-places, but at night-fall exhibited their full force, and issued forth 'in shoals and nations.' At times during the night, and even sometimes during the day, the males, as if by one consent and impulse, bounced forth, fluttering their wings, and scampering along in irregular runs and short flights, striking one in the face, and crawling over his clothes,

up his coat-sleeves, and trousers. At these times they seemed perfectly indifferent about their personal safety, and could be caught and killed without trouble. After being about a couple of years at sea, my bed cabin was so grievously infested with their swarms, that I attempted to lessen their numbers by trapping and killing them. For this purpose I took a water ewer and baited it with a little treacle in its bottom; for of all sweets, and this in particular, they are exceedingly fond; and attracted by it during the night, they dropped in to satisfy their appetite. Once in, they could not again clamber up the steep, smooth sides of the vessel, and in this manner I had it filled, night after night, within two inches of the top; yet notwithstanding the thousands thus caught and destroyed, I found the task a fruitless one, for there was no perceptible diminution of their numbers. I had also a tame snipe which lived entirely on cockroaches, catching and gobbling them down with great expertness; but they at last repaid the favour in kind, by fastening on its breast when asleep, and eating the flesh off its bones.

For food the cockroaches scarcely refuse anything: in the destruction of books they are not inferior to the Goths and Vandals; and all sorts of paper, written and clean, except brown, afford them a meal. The best method of preserving books exposed to their ravages, is to cover them with clean washed cotton or linen cloth, which they will not touch; but if soiled with anything edible, they will gnaw it through in the soiled spots. Cork they like very well, and are not averse to rotten wood, especially if impregnated with oil, though the pure oil itself they do not touch; casks of oil have been lost by their perforations through the softer portions of the wood; and in fact all sorts of casks are liable to be thus unceremoniously tapped, if the contents suit their palates. They will make a meal off salt meat, if boiled, and are very fond of fresh, but indeed refuse no sort of animal matter their teeth can gnaw, and these are none of the softest; even birds' skins, smeared with arsenical soap, they will greedily devour, as I found to my cost. Biscuits are their delight, and they waste more than they eat; for not only do they drill them in holes, but smut them all over: so bad did our bread latterly become from this cause, that absolute want alone could have forced us to use it. Leather-covered trunks are stripped by them in a short time, and shoes pierced into holes; they drink ink, devour vellum, and batten on the ordure of fowls. A bit of their fellows affords a high relish, and one is no sooner wounded, and unable to defend itself, than he is lugged away and eaten up; but worse than all this, they attacked even us, the lords of creation, and frequently, during sleep, ate our flesh to the bone. Though no exposed part is free from their depredations, yet they are more particularly disposed to attack the points of the fingers adjoining the nails, where they nibble away the skin to the quick. They have their own likings too, and prefer certain individuals to others; so that while some have nothing to fear, others cannot fall asleep with any part of their person exposed without sustaining injury from their pinchers. Often have I seen our chief officer get up in the morning with his neck and ears clotted with gore, whilst our third officer was scarcely if ever molested by them.

A ship much distressed by scurvy once put into Guam, part of whose crew, poor wretches, half dead in their hammocks, had their limbs literally eaten by cockroaches in holes to the bones; and a few who had died unobserved, or been gnawed to death, were taken out with the flesh half devoured. Great guns have been entered in logbooks as 'destroyed by cockroaches,' and the sailors declare that they eat the edge off their razors! The damp sea air and salt water had no doubt corroded the former into holes, where the insects found refuge; and licking the oil off the edge of the latter, they probably left a little moisture instead, which soon roughened and blunted the instrument.

Cockroaches, like all other animals, have their ene-

mies; probably the most destructive of these is man, for the sailor abhors them, and always endeavours to kill as many as he can. They have perhaps next in order several of the ichneumons—species of flies that, like the cuckoo, are not at the trouble to hatch their own young, but force this office upon others, at the expense of their own natural brood. Many cockroaches' eggs are thus pierced by the ovipositor of two sorts of this fly, a small and a large one. Of the former, instead of a brood of fourteen or sixteen young cockroaches, I have counted as many as one hundred and seventy-one in a single egg; of the latter there are never more than one. The grubs of these ichneumons of course feed on the contents of the egg, which sustains them till ready for their change to the perfect or insect state, when they pierce the shell and take wing.

EASY WAY OF GAINING OR LOSING FIVE YEARS OF LIFE.

Early rising has been often extolled, and extolled in vain; for people think that an hour's additional sleep is very comfortable, and can make very little difference after all. But an hour gained or wasted every day makes a great difference in the length of our lives, which we may see by a very simple calculation. First, we will say that the average of mankind spend 16 hours of every 24 awake and employed, and 8 in bed. Now, each year having 365 days, if a diligent person abstract from sleep 1 hour daily, he lengthens his year 365 hours, or 23 days of 16 hours each, the length of a *waking* day, which is what we call a day in these calculations. We will take a period of 40 years, and see how it may be decreased or added to by sloth or energy. A person sleeping 8 hours a-day has his full average of 365 days in the year, and may therefore be said to enjoy complete his . . . 40 years.

Let him take 9 hours' sleep, and his year has but 342 days, so that he lives only . . . 37½ ...

With 10 hours in bed, he has 319 days, and his life is . . . 35 ...

In like manner, if the sleep is limited to 7 hours, our year has 388 days, and instead of 40, we live . . . 42½ ...

And if 6 hours is our allowance of slumber, we have 411 days in the year, and live . . . 45 ...

By this we see that in 40 years, 2 hours daily occasion either a loss or gain of *five years*! How much might be done in this space! What would we not give at the close of life for another lease of 5 years! And how bitter the reflection would be at such a time, if we reflected at all, that we had wilfully given up this portion of our existence merely that we might lie a little longer in bed in the morning!

VARIETIES OF MILK.

As far as we know, no nation uses the milk of any carnivorous animal. There is no reason for believing that the milk of this order of animals would be either disagreeable or unwholesome; but the ferocity and restlessness of the creatures will always present an obstacle to the experiment. The different milks of those animals with which we are acquainted agree in their chemical qualities, and is confirmed by the fact, that other animals besides man can be nourished in infancy by the milk of very distinct species. Rats and leversets have been suckled by cats, fawns by ewes, foals by goats, and man, in all stages of his existence, has been nourished by the milk of various animals, except the carnivorous. The milk of the mare is inferior in oily matter to that of the cow, but it is said to contain more sugar, and other salts. The milk of the ewe is as rich as that of the cow in oil, but contains less sugar than that of other animals. Cheese made of ewe milk is still made in England and Scotland, but it is gradually being disused. The milk of the ass approaches that of human milk in several of its qualities. To this resemblance it owes its use by invalids in pulmonary complaints, but it has no particular virtue to recommend its preference, and is only prescribed by nurses. Goat's milk perhaps stands next to that of the cow in its qualities; it is much used in Southern Europe. It affords excellent cheese and butter, its cream being rich, and more copious than that from cows. Camel's milk is employed in China, Africa, and, in short, in all those countries where the animal flourishes. It is, however, poor in every respect, but still, being milk, it is

invaluable where butter is not to be procured. The milk of the sow resembles that of the cow, and is used at Canton and other parts of China. The milk of the buffalo is also like that of the cow, though the two animals belong to different species. Every preparation of milk, and every separate ingredient of it, is wholesome: milk, cream, butter, cheese, fresh curds, whey, skimmed milk, butter-milk, &c. Butter-milk and whey will undergo a spontaneous vinous fermentation, if kept long enough, and alcohol can be distilled from it. The Tartars, it is well known, prepare large quantities of spirituous drink from mare's milk.—*Laing's Notes of a Traveller.*

SONNET.

TO L—— CHRISTMAS.

THE earth is silent, and the winter air
Sullen with snows and storms; the chill night wind
Withers with scoff and scorn what'er behind
Lags of the faded year in woodland bare.
Of all the glorious company that there
Of flowers once flaunted, none now shine for thee:
Midway they left thee, for so friends will flee
When friends most need them. Must man, then, despair?
No! for I see through God's uncurtained sky
Openings of worlds which have no winter, night,
Sorrow, nor change! I hear the angels cry,
Like brothers, unto weary men of woe—
And weary men, where'er they are, reply—
'A child is born! to change all dark to light,
To heal the wounded, raise the weak who fall!
Glory to God on high! and peace e'en here below!'

M. S. J.

THE PIKE.

The pike, commonly called Jack when under three or four pounds in weight, is a well-known fish—like many of us, better known than trusted or treated. He is a greedy, unsocial, tyrannical savage, and is hated like a Bluebeard. Everybody girds at him with spear, gaff, hook, net, snare, and even with powder and shot. He has not a friend in the world. The horrible gorge hook is especially invented for the torment of his maw. Notwithstanding, he fights his way vigorously, grows into immense strength despite his many enemies, and lives longer than his greatest foe—man. His voracity is unbounded, and like the most accomplished corporate officer, he is nearly omnivorous, his palate giving the preference, however, to fish, flesh, and fowl. Dyspepsy never interferes with his digestion; and he possesses a quality that would have been valuable at La Trappe—he can fast without inconvenience for a se'night. He can gorge himself then to beyond the gill without the slightest derangement of the stomach. He is shark and ostrich combined. His body is comely to look at; and if he could hide his head—by no means a diminished one—his green and silver vesture would attract many admirers. His intemperate habits, however, render him an object of disgust and dread. He devours his own children; but strange to say, likes better (for eating) the children of his neighbours. Heat spoils his appetite, cold sharpens it; and this very day (30th December 1846) a friend has sent me a gormandising specimen, caught by an armed gudgeon amidst the ice and snow of the Thames near Marlow. I envy the pike's constitution.—*Handbook of Angling.*

THE ELECTROTYPE.

We owe to Professor Daniell, the author of the sustaining battery, the discovery of the principle of electro-metallurgy; to Mr C. J. Jordan, the author of the earliest published account on the subject in this country, the invention of the application of that principle to practical purposes in the arts, known as the electrotype; and to Mr Thomas Spencer the earliest improvement in the means of obtaining casts by the new process. But this account only applies to England; it is undisputed that the earliest practical results were obtained by M. Jacobi of St Petersburg. *Mechanics' Magazine for June.*

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